1.6.476

a Lesson in the University of The New Covenant

Theodore Cottingham November 10, 2008 in the wee hours.

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1. Sorrow becomes "AWAITING" no more but *BIRTHED NOW.* All shall be now, who want me. Who "came to my birth" not; but who "came" to *my birth? Who saw me "jumping for joy" and twirling around, with exercises not few*, that I did joyfully and gleefully? Spiritually?
2. Or through my flesh?
3. Who are the ones who waited for me, waited by my side, and wondered?, and "washed their hands of me" along the way?
4. Who are they and where will their names be written down?
5. And who's SORROWING and who's AWAITING and who's now birthed? The birthing club, not; the birthing club'er, not; but all else changes; and all "wait-ers" who left will be sorrowed not again, not; for they left and didn't wait.

6. Where were the virgins that had their lamps *trimmed* and their "oil supply" *filled* of love, and were they giving it to others? And lighting other's paths with it?
7. Or who turned the story around, or what story around it, this, isn't; applicable, or is it?
8. And what story storied me, not; but what story am I proclaiming? The birth is now, the child is delivered, of a great NEW! I rise now -- me delivered is, of all sorrow! I came out! And birthed I am now. And school opens now as never imagined by anyone, but one knows now what I mean and SURELY meaneth this, I return to sorrow sorrowland not again, except to SAVE it, from its self. **For I've become the leader of All Sorrow -- to come out of it, and I lead "from the grave" out of it, also.**

9. See what I have said, so cataclysmic, this cataclysmic morning of November 10, 2008. Be it 1:46 AM your time. Centralling me, or coming out of time? What will you do with TIME again?, not; not again! No, not that again please!
10. But what will you do, be, with no TIME "on your hands" to "wash your hands" in?
11. Of a dirty deal, not; but I gave you light, honor, respect.
12. I obey your wishes, not; but I gave thee life, my life, that thou might come into mine and be the mind I am, saith the holy one of Israel that makes all holy who become him, one he/she it that us we are -- one again knowing who we are - birthed -- and sorrow will never be the same again. We leave not sorrow a'wallowing in its shame and remorse, for we go back not for more troops a man of, or a woman of, or seeking children and unborn "things" that we envisioned with our "want club"; clubbing us

again; OH NO!, but we rise now -- a new "ethic", not; but what new do we rise now? The new is us. We think differently. We are differently than the maddening crowd and the ones who whore with thoughts that make them "man woman and children" of the world, not of light.

13. But darkness issuing evil, not; but embracing it all along the way, not; but evil, didn't she wake in?, not; but became not the light. She left ON, not. And where are "those who left" and "washed their hands" of the whole ordeal they didn't understand? Or is that the question at all to be asking? Who cares?, about them? I do, I did, I still sit here addressing all of you on the earth -- and I in a toddler's cave am not, I emerge triumphant victorious.

14. England, not; but I go to her too, soon. Too soon to help, not; but **the light of earth** is not frozen in caves anymore wondering where her MASTER is that leads her to light, to become it. Israel not knowing her name again, not; because the Israelite that light is, now stands in the doorway walking through it, becoming the door for all to walk through, to a new land, light, AWAITING no longer, but birthed into The Freedom School that freedom is that school is, not afraid of methoding otherwise or unholy remarks or assertions or being-ness that left without fulfillment, and sorrowed themselves by not being at the birth of me who them is.

15. They're talking about me, not; themselves -- and every assertion against me is against themselves, appearing to their own logic and flesh making of flesh selves man again that knows me not, when all could have been me, should have been me; are still in me, or are they? Or did they take their selves out for a "better one" and living a better life of some sort? To do evil, not; but where is light found?

16. Where is love found? In this world? Or a New World, birthing it and becoming it and entering it and becoming the enterers Jubilee Club that clubs no one with false assertions; or reading Jude again? Or Romans 1:20? Or who's the Roman Romanian Club, not; but who's any club, not? But **The Clubber is dead** and I cut off the head of the clubbers who clubbed me, and beat me to death, robbing me of my headship, that where Christ laid his head, on them, that knew him not.

17. But I rise anew, and I am not afraid of remarks or swords or assertions or man or woman or armies of nuclear arsenals, of words or chemicals, or reactive agents or reactive anythings of this world. I leave it not, alone, not? Or where do I leave and alone where am I going? And what am I walking through, and **who am I walking through**? And what crowds see me, not? Unafraid not being, not; I am unafraid of any sword-tipped wielding soul that thinks they can tip my scale of justice any which way, for I know what justice is -- and Redeemer, I became it -- that the life I live may be, not my own, but that which is life, gave me life, and I live the life of my father, without any taint obedient to the flesh. For **I the flesh am not limited to again, for I came out of the mess that told**

me I was a flesh man woman clubber of saintliness sainthood or not, or whatever term limit you want place on me; it fits not, for BEHOLD THE MASTER I DID AND I BECAME EQUAL DISCIPLER NUMBER ONE, again in the earth, chosen to be, WE ALL ARE CHOSEN TO BE THE DISCIPLER WHO BECOMES THE EQUAL ONE WITH THE MASTER THAT GAVE US HIS LIFE TO LIVE INSTEAD OF OURS SEPARATE APART FROM HIS. WE DO NOT CO-EXIST. WE ARE NOT EQUALS NOT, BUT HE WHO IS **INVITES TO THE TABLE TO PARTAKE AND BLESS AND EAT -- IN ONE WAY ONLY:** BECOMING WHO HE IS, AND HE - IS MEAT FOR MY TABLE, BREAD, DRINK OF MY LIFE.

18. Protruding not in witch hunts and witch trials, which way I go? Some ask. But who's asking the right questions? And answering, where do the answers, their answers, come from? And what soul realm realm'd them to do so, think so, and answer thusly, and fashion such questions and answers? And obedience school of who have they been through to learn their logic and their forthright manner in making assertions that cultures divide and divide cultures and genes remaking into their image and stem cell research that portrays evil as good, not, or does it?
19. And who knows the answers to the genes making club clubbers that clubbers have become of my genes and investigating what life, where life lies ahead, of me, in making me not's? And what substitutionary standards have been substituted for My Standard of joy being in me whereby I LIVE FOREVER? In the flesh, not; or do I? What is eternal life, about? And **what is "John 3:16" about**, anyway? **What does it say?** It says what? Who can quote it, not; ***who can't eat it?*** Obey it, not; ***ingest it? Ingest its meaning? It portrays what?*** Whose school taught you what you think you know about *THAT VERSE* anyway? What do they know, about being born again? Are *THEY* born again? Did they birth a new club to be in, and join their ranks of swelling-their-in-carnally-made mind to rational logic'd-ize me into their eyes and through their eyes portray an image not me of at all again to you, who think you're separate from me, and that you live only "seventy" years?

20. What are you doing with my life? What are you doing with my ears, my face, my eyes, my feet, my hands, that you wear?
21. Around, what schools?
22. Sunday morning schools? Evening schools? Obedience schools?
23. Who is teaching you *THEIR OBEDIENCE* and how to train others in repetitious behaviors that form notme clubs and troopers clubbing what? Sorrowers, not; but GODS into becoming clubbers that club all into sorrowers, making by sorrowed ones who conform to behaviors never imagined by me, nor imaged upon your genes by me.
24. Or where did you get those genes?, and who clubbed them? Who "etched" them? And where are you?, and why? doing what that you are now "doing"?
25. Where are you and what are you from? What planet are you from and where is your name written, in what genes, MARK'D HOW?

26. By what "pooling agent" did you come here?, on what shipping lines?
27. And what "shipping date" are you leaving here?
28. And what whose date calendar are you shipping what where from, and are they shipping in you what where?
29. Do you know anything about these words or questions or answers?
30. What have you birthed?
31. Why are you there?
32. At MY table -- or theirs?
33. And what have you brought to bear, the birth?
34. Are you birthing more "heirs" that know not their name, but bear only heavy burdens that are laid on by each other that sorrow sorrows, awaiting sorrows, **that never birth** but only begin empty lives over and over again, to sorrow upon sorrow each other's, again; heavy burdens being never lifted by one who knows his name is me mine holy one mind again birthing in "the earth" his earth, her earth, that one earth is - into heaven true and real - but were there all the time, but slaved, enslaved, in heavy burdens and chains bearing, wrapping each other in thought's assertions that made them slaves of each other's, lands, kingdoms, and The One Kingdom never emerging that was given them all, that had their name; on every title, not; but the title to everything that joy was.

35. Making up nothing, I have read you the riot act, not; I have read you piecemeal basics, not; I have given you meat "for your journey" not, or have I given you anything of life at all? Have I given you life in these words, these almost 6 years? Have I given you anything? I pull your jaw out of the hooked mouth, I pull your hooked mouth out of their jaw, and I pull their hook out of your mouth and jaw, and joy I bring you and heal all wounds and salve your eyes and ring your finger with the seal of one, **kiss**, who loves you, **with the twinkling of an eye**, I "kiss" you, not as man allows or thinks of, but what I kiss sensually not, but what emerges is the birth that is swollen no more pride's blessings and assertions of sorrow enslaving the assertioners.

36. But I emerge triumphant, birthed, anew - and my time is timeless and my time is now. Afraid of nothing new, not; **I birth the new -- I am it, I entered it, I enter me and I am not afraid of me again. I hide myself not from my own flesh brethren or sister'n or me, hiding the imagery of me in my image again, seeking that which I thought I had, an ideal that was given me by others. "I worshipped it and I wanted it, I wanted it so badly, so much that I gave my life for an ideal, an image, that didn't exist." That's what many will say** when they understand the lid closes and the corpse-casket goes where? And the body goes where? And the "soul" goes where? But whose is my spirit and where does my spirit fly, bound not anymore?

37. I rise the risen saviors. Clubbed not to death by your words, you who think you

are not me, anymore.

38. I rise the new, light from heaven, that shafts no one -- but gives the light of life by being it, and models it; the behavior of man, not; but seeking ones all, who are on trial, not for life, not, or are they? And what trial are they in? and what life is this? have we lived now, apart? And what "parts" do we need" from another? And who will mount their sorrowers club, and who is bound for heaven not, but enslavement but by another" highest bidder" for my "parts"?

39. And what have I asserted and what am I asserting and what do you know about THESE assertions that I have printed and asked you in this message, in these words, that will no sorrow pull you out of, not; but PULLING YOU OUT OF ALL SORROW, **WILL YOU SCHOOL YOURSELF AGAIN IN THE MOST HIGH-SHIP, THE MOST HIGH WAYS, THE WAYS OF THE MOST HIGH BEING THE MOST HIGH AGAIN, REGAL, SOUGHT, BOUGHT AND PAID FOR LONG AGO, AS IT WERE. FOR YOU WERE NEVER NOT ME!** You were never not them, not; **you are always the gleeful.**

40. Club not any with words you don't understand or know about, or think only about things the way you've been taught by other mere men.

41. Shall we look up "mere men"? We shall and learn many new things constantly continuously - a flow of blood that lambs the lamb, not of this world to die in, but to live eternally, in gratefulness that knows no bounds, and lighting lights, the men of candles, not; but **the candles of men and angels never going out now** for all one shall be, and never dying again in graves going to sorrowers bodies to inhabit them again.

42. See what I have said, and "parts me" not, but ending all that I am, with these words, not; or am I? Am I these words? is what you might should be asking, isn't it?
43. Is that the question of the day?
44. What would you like to know today? Who you are? Where you're from?
45. It's all in these words - over and over and over again.

46. You are birthed now, if you choose to be.
47. You are the King of Kings, if you choose to be.
48. You are the Antichrist or the Christ if you choose to be.
49. And all choose to be where when?
50. And who determines that? and where? by what standards?, of math?
51. Of chance by chance?
52. And what chance?, whose chance?
53. Perchance, not; or is it all a gamble, not; but "fixed laws" don't rule my universe, but love does. And I perchance no one with "chance living" and gambling their lives away again.

54. I lose sorrowing not; but I gave my life that all might live. Choose me! Choose life and love me, **never dying again**, knowing securely what John 3:16 is about, having secured John 3:8 and birthing John 3:5, and that is your name isn't it -- the birther of these things? I AM DAD, THAT I AM.

55. I have become un-chanced, not; but chances I take, not; or do I know not what a "chance" is, but **I am chained to them suckers not again** -- no more will they circle encircle of my head. My head will be out of ion'age a notme of, and I know whereof I speak. For I know what ion'age, is for I look it up in these words and I go to where my father leads me, and I walk through the door that I am, that I have, been given me, and I mature. I sorrow no more in sorrow's "blessing", schooling me to be something I'm not and whoring me, whoring with me, and giving me sword-tipped thoughts that *PIERCE* my soul into sorrow's clubs making them "winners" of my soul.

56. I love you all. Think new thoughts, think a new thought -- let not your heart be troubled by the yieldings of not me that become wielders of not-joy in this world of sorrow.
57. But making me-news anew and bringing forth; my weird ones, not; but that the world might be saved through them that come anew and know their name, **the mighty many emerge triumphant**, and grace not over sores that have been given them with tips renewing that scar others with their words – but coming into newness of grace mercy peace love joy, jubilant ones now embrace the Love Standard of joy-filled blessing that emerges triumphant o're the grave and the resurrection is now folks! And it's here. I'm it and I bring it and I model it. I prototype am of it, for it I am.
58. I walk through the door.
59. I walked through the door.
60. I became the door that all walk through to become the door for others.
61. The light sourced one, is one, and light source again knows its name, and field one energy of one, is one wholly whole and birthed emergent, triumphant, victorious over the grave, and "shipping lanes" will close now and "my genes" will be shipped to another not again.
62. By anyone's standards.
63. But mine rise complete and I know who I am, 7, on. And I delight sorrow no more with their standards of un-joy, but I bring joy to the slaves, the captives, that never knew Joy was their name or fed others life eternal by being the bread of the lamb and the holiness of joy-wine and giving healing, salving wounds, and making new peoples whole.
64. But I do this.
65. I model it.
66. I prototype am number 1 of the one who I am that who is.

67. Are you also a me?

68. You all choosing me or Antichrist - being unto yourself that which tips your own sword with sorrow, and pierces your own soul, and drips your soul-blood over your lamb-head that you cut off so that you could wear your own soul-head into hell and be it, creating it there among others, and shipping it off then, to others who will do the same to you, for that's what you did to others while here, while you were here with your own blood, untainted was, when you "began", but what did you do with it, here?
69. And why what are these words inferring, not; but stating factually and asserting your role in your "life"?

70. What do I say?
71. What did I say?
72. What did these words bring you, what do they bring you still?
73. Will you lie still, not; will you sit still and write my words listening to LIFE FLOW NUMBER ONE, and yielding to what? Me only -- inside you -- the kingdom is, one lit and open and now all shall know my name is joy-filled love mercy redemption of mankind standing.

74. And who, where will you stand? in under what whose rule now?, you who think you choose not me? Where will you be? In Antichrist's Club, clubbing who now? Or will you resolve your authority problem and absolve all of your self assertions of pain inflicting on yourself and others, by your words thoughts deeds and actions? And what have you created and what are you creating and what are you, redemption's story? Are you the Christ child?, The Anointed One? ***You all are the Christ child, the anointed one, the Messiah! Absolutely all of you were, and are, and if you will be, again will be most high***. In most high's "cradle" not again, nor wrapped in swaddling clothes, nor lying in a manger; but lying in no one else's "manger" again, be not fodder fuel for their conversations, not; but not worrying about any one's "conversations" about anything about you or others.
75. BE! Arise! -- THE ARISEN ONES BE AND BE ARISING ABOUT YOUR FATHER'S BUSINESS.
76. And cradle the grave, not; and coddle not to those who think they want to choose notme status and Antichrist be, and raise in others the flare of tipped swords flaming themselves, within, therein, by what they do say and think. Worry not about them or their words or their flaming swords or arrows that they throw at others, for nothing can pierce my sons who become me. For I am my son's language and Vocabulary One and teach I do at schools many, the real schools, the real deal, The Great Deal that I am, that I give you all, that I offer you, that I have planted within each of you, for you are me not separate from me, if you will be me, unto salvation's shored,

and not a shored one of other shores again seeing to live life over in slavery again.

77. Have no chains but me, not; or chains unbound, or what whose chains why and wherefore bursting now? I have no chains on me of anyone else's authority again but I love know what love is, and I serve love, I become love, I am love; and love I do, I give the nations my love, and all who choose me choose life and become the life I am, eternal, and eternally grateful, and giving life to others who know eternal life, what it is and being it, become it, and enter the door, the path of joy, the light I am.

78. Wicked wickedness never serving again through my lips or portals. All closed are the shipping lanes of un-joy now, for I become the wicked not, but I fearful of no "battle" not, but no battle is needed, for all the words nigh thee are in thee, and my father gives thee all; for I am thee my father, and we our one are one, and is the one that now most high is, anointed appointed unto graced-filled living, that Jerusalem knows Israel is her name again, and sitting on the ground the daughters of Zion will never be again, wondering what happened to their "wax wings" not, but the wax never melting again, but flying high in love that knows no bounds, giving all *your* life, that their life may be one life again -- all being one now again, holy, and our name is one. Force field one reveals all in no-sorrow-land, not; but sorrowland, to become it, so that no sorrow will be known in sorrowland anymore, but victorious triumphant living, one who does, will come into grace aboundment that becomes THE BREAD OF LIFE for all others, having become the door, the table, the life of one, and laid all aside except the true I am -- becoming it, and giving life to others -- THE FREEDOM BELL RINGS NOW. I RING IT.

79. What do you bring in? And what are you doing now with these words of truth that I bear unto you this night this morning that so cataclysmic is?

80. Choose these words, choose your words carefully and create with a purpose, that of being only me, and I love you all to be Christ arisen again - all of you. And the grave never seeing again. Amen. The resurrection be. It is here. I AM. You all know my name -- it's yours, if you choose to wear it and be me, truthfully, perpetually, never-endingly, nourishing all others knowing the truth and being it -- we are field one again most holy high and lifted up, knowing no bounds ever again, and no chains, will ever touch us again. Amen.

81. This is Theodore Cottingham coming to you again, with these words, this message. It's **now 2:46 AM**. Thank you for valuing these words forever, being the forever'd one that never dies or sees death again, except to eradicate it and empty the graves, the sites now that are closed with the sight of one most holy, envisioning the process secured and walking through it being the leaders thereof, I charge you now, with oaths, not; but love.

82. I bow before you all. This day make haste, not; but joy, for all those around you. Read study and diligent be becoming the I am birthed again, the Christ child are all of you who will be, rejecting not.
83. Theories not; but all joy abounds, and in you is.
84. Will your kingdom abound and be birthed now into the earths?

85. Be not afraid again of anything anywhere at any time or any remark.
86. Made stand still, who made the Sun stand still? and what words were used, not; but what knowing your power now, will you birth correctly? Be me. All will. That's what I see now, that's what I choose, and I leadership the church with that, not; I leadership all who'll be my leaders who'll lead all out of sorrow, and be my joy-filled leaders of all-joy, jubilant, The Promised Land Entered and entering it we do. At midnight, not; but right now, RIGHT NOW! RIGHT now is now the appointed time. And we all say. Amen. I will go! I will not stay in sorrowland and wallow in "effortless ease" and making a living of a sore bed that sore's me with their sores anymore. No flaming tipped arrows will pierce me anymore ever again.

87. I stand amazed at them, not; I heal them all and redeemers I birth and redemption club clubs no one, but there are no clubs around anymore, for I all one are and one is, all knowing our name is one. Holy again, holy being, THE TEMPLE OPENED THE TEMPLE OPENS and lightning strikes many a soul in the chest of him who created notme.

88. All will know of these words. And reign; down from heaven? Or up from the earth? Or where do all go now? or where do all leaders fly, off to, not; but **often now I have called many things, a spade a spade, type things, not -- I have called them all arightly correctly,** and let me see in you the truth that I am is, and be I am the truth, clocked by no one's words again.

89. But standing your ground, not; **I give up all, I surrendered life to be the real life, not subject to this planet**, heirs again. For **planetary, I'm not again in the control of others**, but I emerge triumphant one, graced and born again in the mercy that knows redemption's plan, having become it, and given my body as a lamb, now born again, I birth the word correctly given me, the words I am that I give now are truth and life and love. Bring them into the world for others, and be them truthfully, being nothing else, and being I am the grace love and joy of no other, not; being the salver of wounds, the redemption of stories of lives unlived, that will now live my life, perfectly, and one be in one, that all are, the one field of joy, knowing its name is JUBILATION JUBILANT AND JUBILEE NOW IS NOW YOUR CURRENT STATE, of affairs perfectly in line with mine, so that field one is mine and mine is his and it is us ours one, in he she it "matrimony of

one" with no metaphors needed ever again.

90. I LOVE SCHOOL is Me School and I rise Christs forever. That's my job. And I love being my son who's become my father who's become one, who one was, is, and are, always again, never seeing gravesites again, except to ROB them, not; but to arise them all from their living walking dead bodies that knew not who they were, but I've given them life, for my name is you, me, we are all who Christ is, whose abode is where? In our head, our thinking, our words, rightly applying the word of truth, and no one will hurt us again. Swords can't, bombs can't, nuclear arsenals can't touch us, for we are not of this world. We never were, but now we know it -- we birth the real, we are it, and the door closes on us to take us to other worlds as slaves never again.

91. Be emergent triumphant, and the grace of one made holy to you all, by being the blood of the lamb, dipped in truth, truth emerging emergent triumphant, victorious and humble, giving all now the word of truth, that you are, for you became it, and wield no other's. Thank you.

Amen

2:55 AM